

(1) Q 207  
Doctor *Hannes* Dissected

IN

A Familiar Epistle by way of

*Nosce Teipsum.*

SOME say a *Physician* of late  
That always lov'd to serve the Great,  
Met a Disease out-match'd his Skill,  
And some Pretend to say so still  
Tho' learnedly he's told the Mob,  
The Lungs were tainted ev'ry Lobe,  
And how th' *Abdomen* was affected,  
So nicely well it was dissected  
As who shou'd say, that *Dr. Hannes* }  
If any one wou'd take the Pains }  
Wanted either Lungs or Brains. }  
I know not what the Vulgar think  
Or how some Men at noon-day Wink,  
But thus it is, may't please you all,  
To raise a P---mp a Prince must fall.

Thus when grave Sages are Neglected,  
And beardless Boys so much respected  
When Oracles, that wont of old, }  
Mighty Mysteries to unfold, }  
Are like Stories still untold : }  
When solid Truth and solid Gold,  
Are for Noise and gingle Sold ;  
Then Notion may for knowledge Pass,  
But *Æsculapius* for an Ass.  
Thistles and Logick chop together  
As Baro---men do Wind and Weather,  
Both hit alike, and both prove good  
One for the Mind, the other Food.  
Had not men's wits Eclipsed been,  
'Tis Ten to One we had Foreseen,

And



And then we'd needed no Dissections,  
 No Consultations, no Inspections,  
 Nor any need of these Reflections;  
 But when mens eyes are grown so bad,  
 They cannot see what once they had,  
 'Tis time to let 'em feel the smart,  
 And clear their eyes by rules of Art,  
 When that falls short, 'tis some content  
 Tho' th' Mark was miss'd it was well Meant  
 And thus poor Mortals seek for Ease,  
 When the *Physician's* the Disease,  
 As Learned Heathens use to tell  
 Where such men live does Sorrow Dwell,  
 But sure a Nation must be blind,  
 Or else they wear their Eyes behind,  
 That cannot tell a man of Sence,  
 From one that's all Impertinence.  
 All Guts and Meseraick Veins,  
 Lungs, Liver, Spleen and rotten Reins,  
 But little Head, and much less Brains;  
 Joynts stiff, Inflexible as Stones,  
 No Juice or Marrow in his Bones.  
 Nor Flesh nor Fat is to be seen,  
 But Muscles shrivled dry and lean.  
 This is the Wondrous piece of Nature,  
 That picks the bones of every Creature;  
 And yet you'd swear to look upon him,  
 He knows no more than what comes from him.  
 But how so great a man of Art,  
 Should let a *Royal Heir* Depart,  
 And never tell the reason why,  
 He shou'd not Live, or he shou'd Dye.  
 Tho' some time after as they say,  
 He cou'd have told a certain Way,  
 How to have got the Poison out,  
 That lurk'd in th' Heart or there about.  
 But then his thoughts were so Perplext,  
 Just as a Priest that takes a Text,  
 And has forgot what he design'd  
 When first the Text was in his mind:  
 Ev'n so, our learn'd *Apollo* did,  
 Not thinking what Heaven had Forbid.

But



But had the people thought on't then,  
 They might have been great friends to *Spain*  
 And sav'd them many a needless Shilling,  
 That they bestow'd on their Kings Killing,  
 By sending for a *Neapolitan*,  
 When we have much a quicker Man  
 And far more dextrous at the Parts,  
 At shewing livid Lungs or Hearts,  
 Or any secret of that Nature,  
 For this is but the smalest matter,  
 He can of few years practice shew,  
 How he has serv'd a thousand so.  
 And wou'd you wonder at his Skill,  
 Whose business 'tis he shows to Kill;  
*Spainards*, dull Souls, preserv'd their King,  
 By *Chocholet*, or some such thing:  
 When *Hannes* has Arts, as yet unknown,  
 Where 'tis but *Presto*, and they'er gone.  
 I wonder any one then dare,  
 With this *Phylosopher* compare,  
*Gibbons* and *Ratclife*, he'd prove Fools,  
 If laid in's Anatomick Schools.  
 He'd so dissect both their *Abdomen*,  
 You'd swear they were but Nasty Omens.  
 Then tell you 'tis but common Matter,  
 Such as is found in every Creature,  
 As wise in Brutes as human Nature.  
 For my part, I believe it true,  
 Since *Hannes*, I see no more in you.

FINIS.